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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
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EASTERN ECLOGUES;

WRITTEN DURING A

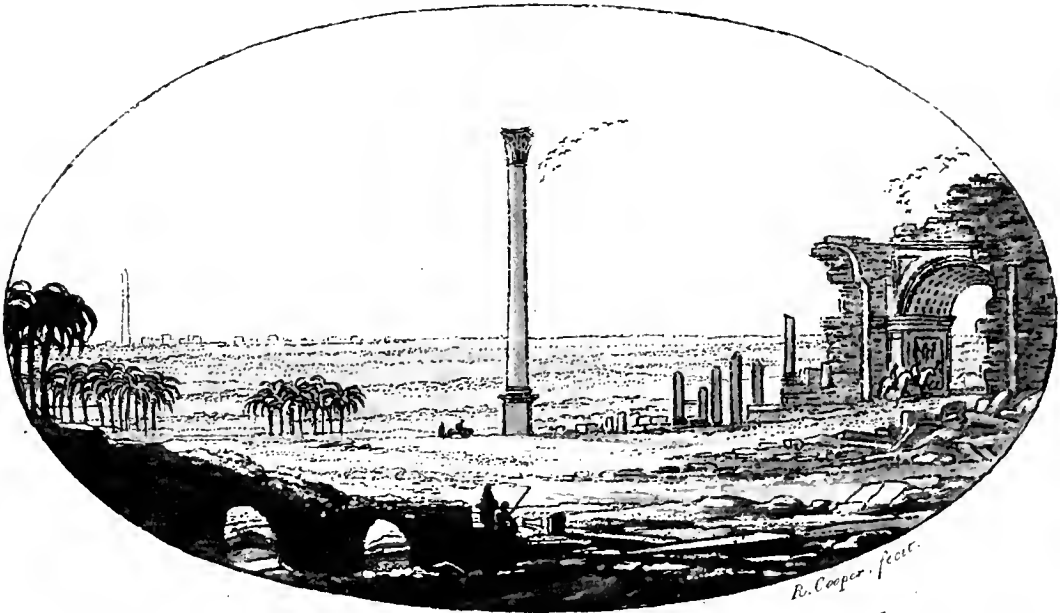
T O U R

THROUGH

Arabia, Egypt, and other Parts of Asia and Africa,

IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXVII.

From a Drawing made upon the Spot.



*And must these Relicks hasten to Decay, † Shall future times recover from their Dust,
And like inferior Objects pass away? † The canker'd Coin and mutilated Bust.*

And as the Art directs

of Caesar all &c.

Eclogues, l. l. iii. St.

L O N D O N ;

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.
M.DCC.LXXX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Plan on which these Poems are conducted, has been pursued by so many able Pens, that an Author could have little Success to hope for on common Topics. In other Climes, where new Subjects occur, it may be adopted without any Imputation of Presumption, or the Idea of attempting to rival celebrated Writers. This Consideration has given Birth to the following Trifles. It has been the Fortune of our Traveller to be tempted, by a near Approach to those distant Scenes, to sketch from the Life, and to depict Nature in her more retired Views. His Pictures may then put in their Claim to Originality, whatever Deficiencies they may have in Point of Coloring and Execution. Touched

only at Intervals, in the Course of a novel and perilous Journey, if they pave the Way for the favourable Reception of the Journey itself, the Value which he affixes to them will be fully answered. An impartial Public has a Title to the Labors of Individuals, which may tend to its Information ; and the Remembrance of its past Indulgence will be a Spur to him to render the Work, which he is now preparing, as perfect as his unequal Talents will admit of.

T O

MRS. I R W I N.

LAMP of my life! and summit of my praise!
 The bright reward of all my toilsome days!
 After unnumber'd storms and perils brav'd,
 The port in which my shipwreck'd hopes were fav'd;
 Who, when my youth had pleasure's round enjoy'd,
 Came to my craving soul, and fill'd the void.
 To thee, whose feeling heart and judgment chaste,
 Give thee of Fancy's luxuries to taste;
 To thee I dedicate these rambling lays,
 And hold thy smiles beyond a monarch's bays!
 See, on our bliss the nuptial year decline,
 And still the sun which lit it, seems to shine!

Crown'd

Crown'd is our union with a smiling boy,

And thou still courted like a virgin coy.

Ye shades of lovers! witness what we feel—

To modern couples vain were the appeal!

Tho' human joys are ever on the wing,

Tho' small the scope of life's enchanted ring;

Tho' Time advances with a courser's pace,

And still must rob thee of some charm or grace;

No sighs ungrateful can salute our eyes,

Who use no optics but what love supplies!

Who but in this betray a partial side,

Still each to each, the bridegroom and the bride!

April 1779.

EASTERN ECLOGUES, &c.

ECLOGUE I.

ALEXIS: OR, THE TRAVELLER.

SCENE: The Ruins of ALEXANDRIA.

TIME: MORNING.

TO THOMAS PEARSON, Esq;

WHERE mould'ring piles conceal the sculptor's
hand,

And Egypt's pride lies scatter'd o'er the strand ;

Relics of antient taste ! by Time betray'd,

The tow'ring column, and the gay arcade :

Fragments of marble in confusion plac'd,

5

Disjoin'd by wars, by ignorance defac'd :

Alexis oft the sacred haunt would tread,

And hold sweet converse with the mighty dead.

Alexis, by no vain caprice pursued,

Who many a race and many a land had view'd ;

10

From northern climes, where Phœbus faintly smiles,
 To where his beams enrich the spicy isles ;
 On hostile shores by tempests had been cast,
 And many a painful pilgrimage had past !

O ! deeply vers'd in all the classic lore, 15
 Mirror of deeds and characters of yore !
 Whate'er the sage or legislator taught,
 The hero labor'd, or the artist wrought,
 Judge ! critic ! poet ! may the Muse aspire
 To touch a theme more worthy of thy lyre ! 20

Now rising Phœbus leaves the Cyprian shore,
 Sprung from the wave whence Venus sprang before.
 Dimm'd is the orb that glow'd on Pharos' height,
 And polish'd domes reflect the orient light ;
 When lone Alexis from the port retreats, 25
 To woo the Muses in their wonted seats,
 Where useless aqueducts obstruct the way,
 And gaping catacombs their wombs betray ;
 Where long canals their thirsty beds extend,
 And tow'rs unroof'd, no more the town defend ; 30
 Wonders of art decay'd ! he pensive strays,
 'Till Pompey's well-known * pillar he surveys.

* A pillar of Granite, which still bears his name, and which, for beauty and size, remains without a rival. It is of the Corinthian order, and the shaft of the pillar measures 90 feet in height, of a single stone, exclusive of the pedestal, which is 20 more.

Strait o'er his mind a pleasing sorrow reigns,
While thus he vents it in no servile strains.

“ Illustrious trophy of a Hero's fame ! 35
Th' Egyptian honor ! and the Roman shame !
That Rome who drove a Patriot from her breast,
This land who thus her victim's wrongs redrest.
What tho' success has sanctify'd the crime,
And Julius triumphs to the close of time ; 40
What tho' when Pompey fled Pharsalia's field,
Rome lost her prop, and Liberty her shield ;
Yet shall the Great lament his fate severe,
Which check'd a rival in his bold career :
Yet shall a stone this truth important tell — 45
His name may flourish who obscurely fell !

Prepare, ye Loves ! your myrtles ever-green,
To wreath the * column of Egyptia's Queen.
Hither advance, ye pow'rs of wit and wine !
And hang your various chaplet on her shrine. 50

* An obelisk of Granite, commonly called Cleopatra's Needle. It is 60 feet in height, of a single stone, and inscribed with hieroglyphics. There were two of these elegant monuments standing together, but some years ago one of them was torn up by the root by a violent storm, and lies at present half buried in the sand.

For laughing Anthony your homage pay,
 Who set for love, and threw a world away !
 No meaner conquests could his soul approve,
 His empire, beauty ! and ambition, love !
 O'er realms enslav'd let proud Augustus reign, 55
 And live immortal in the Mantuan strain ;
 A lot more envy'd shall await the pair,
 Whose fame shall be the faithful lovers' care ;
 Still in their talk the tender tale be found,
 Still fresh the aspic's bite, and faulchion's wound ! 60
 Around his tomb let daring spirits throng,
 While Ammon's glories elevate the song !
 The bright achievements seal'd with hostile blood,
 On Indus' banks, and Granic's adverse flood ;
 The noble feelings which the man bespoke, 65
 When Porus bow'd, and Persia own'd the yoke :
 A kingdom render'd back with such a grace,
 Such pity to Darius' captive race :
 These bloom still vivid in the † Painter's hues,
 And deck th' historic page and tragic Muse. 70

* Le Brun.

Ye pow'rs of commerce ! here your succor bring,
To happier themes accord the silver string.

Behold the port to which blue Neptune gave
A boundless empire o'er the subject wave !

Behold the mart where freighted navies meet, 75
Plenty's full horn, and trade's unrival'd feat !

From ev'ry foil where ev'ry product came,
And stamp'd imperial with its founder's name :

These, yet unfung, sublimer views display'd,
And, more than conquest, deify his shade ! 80

And must these relics hasten to decay,
And like inferior objects pass away ?

Shall future times recover from their dust
The canker'd coin and mutilated bust ?

Of Cæsar all and Ammon that remain, 85

To puzzle some Virtù's conject'ring brain !

O death to think ! must now the abject race
Of Turk and Arab lord it in their place ?

O'er prostrate arts must barb'rous Goths aspire ?

More fell to learning than the signal fire, 90

Sages and Bards which to oblivion doom'd,

And Ptolemy's enlighten'd store consum'd."

Thus plain'd the youth, 'till Sol's increas'ing heat
 Warns him to shelter in some cool retreat.
 Now to a * convent's porch he points his way, 95
 Whose scanty groves have made the desert gay.
 Soon as the bearded fathers meet his eye,
 Kings ! warriors ! poets ! from his mem'ry fly :
 Men who, recluse, no less his wonder claim,
 Studious of good, yet careless of a name ! 100

Line 97. " Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 " Streets, chairs, and cockcombs rush upon my sight."
 POPE'S Epistle to Miss BLOUNT.

* A convent of four Franciscan friars, which stands amid the ruins of Alexandria. The industry of these holy men has been attended with great success, in the culture of their little garden, which abounds with grapes, oranges, and all kinds of vegetables. The irreproachable manners of the monks throughout Turkey, and the patience with which they submit to the insolence of the Mahometans, must impress the traveller with a favorable idea of the sincerity of their vocation.

E C C L O G U E II.

SELIMA: OR, THE FAIR GREEK.

SCENE: A Seraglio in ARABIA FELIX.

TIME: NOON.

To the Hon. Mrs. S. MONCKTON.

FAST by the vale that bosoms Sennaa's pride,
 By streams meander'd, and with shades supply'd;
 Shades, which the boughs of breathing spices throw,
 And streams that through eternal verdure flow;
 Where in one form the seasons shine confest, 5
 And blend to rule o'er Araby the blest;
 A mansion, pervious to no prying eye,
 Adorns the mead, and lifts its head on high:
 Rear'd by a lordly Khan with cost profuse,
 For pleasure destin'd, and for beauty's use. 10
 Alas! what pleasure know these lonesome walls—
 Care gnaws the sex whom jealousy inthrals!
 Thou! to each finer sense of feeling known,
 In ev'ry thought and word and action shown;

Whether

Whether thy converse virtue's charms resound, 15
 Digress with fancy, or with wit abound,
 Attend, Sophia ! to the tale I bring,
 For lonely meads forsake the courtly ring.
 Tho' grace thy steps, tho' taste thy lyre sustain,
 Quit the gay dance, and hush thy sweeter strain ; 20
 The wrongs of injur'd beauty I rehearse,
 And well thy sympathy shall pay the verse !

Amid the thoughtless and obsequious throng,
 That listless drag the load of life along ;
 That plung'd in baths perfum'd, and roseate bow'rs, 25
 In polish'd flav'ry lose their wanton hours ;
 A nymph of other hue this Haram held,
 In charms of person who her peers excel'd ;
 But chief of all those softer charms possess'd,
 Which calm, adorn, exalt the female breast ! 30
 Unrival'd in her master's love she reign'd,
 But love unfought her noble soul disdain'd :
 Of jealous bonds she felt the galling weight,
 And sigh'd for freedom in a regal state !

Oft when bright Cynthia chas'd the midnight shade, 35
 Through gloomy walks she solitary stray'd ;

Her

Her golden bed for dewy skies forfook,
 Her vocal virgins for the murm'ring brook.
 On the moist bank would pass the night reclin'd,
 'Till came her lord his absent love to find ; 40
 With soft complaints her cold delay to chide,
 And hush those griefs she strove in vain to hide.

Once as at noon th' accustom'd dome she sought,
 With curious skill, and rich materials wrought ;
 In each recess where scented fountains play, 45
 And give, enforc'd, a coolness to the day ;
 Sick of the scene, her comrades' sole delight,
 From vice and folly she averts her sight.
 Here might you see, in pride of beauty's blaze,
 A female lift'ning to an eunuch's praise ; 50
 There, where a glass the chrystal bath supply'd,
 One naked bent enamor'd o'er the tide ;
 A damsel here, applauded, wake the lyre
 To notes of low, libidinous desire ;
 While there a groupe, with pictur'd terrors pale, 55
 Imbibe the wonders of a fairy tale.
 Each as her fancy prompts, the time employs,
 And gives a loose to visionary joys !

While

While some at chefs exert their active pow'rs,
 The rest in slumbers cheat the fultry hours. 60
 Th' Arabian berry circles round the room,
 And from the lighted tube ascends perfume.
 Nor absent here the grateful juice of lime,
 Nor each rare fruit that crowns the happy clime.

Loft to the croud, fair Selima apart 65
 Thus breath'd the sorrows of a burthen'd heart.

“Ah! why to youth and beauty was I born,
 If clouded thus the promise of my morn?
 Ah! why from Greece to these rude regions brought,
 If not by pomp and golden shackles caught? 70
 When pleasure suits, and health confirms my bloom,
 Why here in solitude my days consume?

A solitude that no diversion knows,
 Save when lewd passion chafes dull repose:
 When, stung by lust, a tyrant seeks my arms, 75
 And claims by gold these violated charms.

O shameful state! O undeserv'd remove
 From social converse! and unblemish'd love!
 Witness, ye joys! that never will return,
 These tears bear witness to the change I mourn. 80

Ye pines ! which circle Ida's sacred brow,
 How oft your barks have told a lover's vow !
 Ye streams ! that gush meand'ring down his side,
 Ye knew the vow as spotless as your tide ;
 The vow which Cleon to my ear prefer'd, 85
 The vow which Selima with rapture heard !
 Sad is the thought, and fatal to my rest,
 Which shews me ravish'd from a parent's breast ;
 By harden'd pirates hurry'd to the main,
 While age stretch'd forth her suppliant arms in vain ! 90
 Hard is the lot which threw me on this shore,
 My freedom barter'd for a grasp of ore ;
 With pamper'd slaves to swell a Haram's pride,
 From earth secluded ! and to heav'n deny'd !
 But sooner, dearest Cleon ! be forgot 95
 That sad idea, and this cruel lot ;
 A mother's woe, my desolated youth,
 Than all thy graces, tendernefs and truth !
 Ah ! should thy faith have prompted thee to roam
 In search of her whose bosom was thy home ; 100
 Perhaps, poor youth ! my fortune may be thine —
 One curse may blend whom love forbade to join !

Perhaps a slave, thou cut'st the Turkish main,
 And feel'st my absence heavier than thy chain!" —

More had her grief—when lo! to crown her fears, 105
 Her dreaded suitor at the porch appears.
 Around their Lord the nymphs sequacious throng;
 One tries to lure him with an am'rous song:
 His praises some in soothing strains repeat,
 These kiss his robe, and those embrace his feet. 110
 While he, by all their little arts unmov'd,
 In haste advances to his coy belov'd.
 The envy'd token in her lap he threw,
 And, inly fighting, Selima withdrew.

E C L O G U E III.

R A M A H: OR, THE BRAMIN.

S C E N E: The Pagoda of CONJEVERAM*.

T I M E: E V E N I N G.

T O R O B E R T P A T T O N, Esq.

HIGH on the top of that religious fane,
 Whose spires from far attract the zealot-train,
 Pride of Gentoos! mid superstition's night
 Which shines a beacon to the Pagan's fight,
 A Bramin stood — expos'd to ev'ry eye,
 The roof his bed, his canopy the sky;
 For three long days he here the clime defy'd,
 Revenge his study, and distress his pride.
 O'er woes impending runs his lab'ring mind,
 And omens thicken in the coming wind!

* Conjeveram is a very flourishing town in the Carnatic, and famous for its lofty and capacious pagoda. The curious reader will find a particular description of this heathen temple, and the frequent sieges it sustained, in Mr. Orme's elegant History of the War of Indostan. The melancholy event on which this Poem is founded, occurred within the observation of the Author, who was an accidental witness to this extravagance of enthusiasm, in the spring of the year 1771.

Friend ! to whose love my Muse her being owes,
Which knew her lisping, and which riper knows,
If e'er she favor with the public found,
To which must all the little praise redound ;
With her awhile to tragic scenes retire, 15
Scenes which mistaken principles inspire.

And tho' to thee familiar is the tale
Where fraud and folly through the East prevail,
Ambition's guilt and Superstition's school
Are still condemn'd, where truth and reason rule ! 20

The sun had set behind Myforean hills,
And left the theatre of human ills :
The meteor Bigotry his light succeeds,
And sense retreats, and man devoted bleeds !
See pious Ramah with its rage possess'd, 25
Whom zeal-taught frenzy numbers with the blest.
Tho' bow'd his frame, his strength with fasting spent,
His wav'ring soul assumes her dire intent :
Of aught but bright rewards he scorns to think,
And ventures to the Pagod's fearful brink. 30
The cruel shouts of thousands rend the air
To steel his mind, and flatter his despair :

He

He stands in act to spring amid the croud,
But utters first these dying words aloud.

“ Ye Gods! protectors of the Indian race, 35
Now trembles not your empire to its base?
Say, on what spot your altars shall be found,
While mad Ambition walks his guilty round?
Lo! by the Ganges’ consecrated flood
The sacred Cow distains the earth with blood; 40
Selected form of purity divine!
Mute intercessor at your holy shrine!
I see! I see! the fated ruin spread,
The stream polluted at the fountain-head!
Religion changing thro’ the land her vow; 45
The Mosque aspiring o’er the Pagod’s brow:
But chief the holy temples of Tanjore
Defil’d, where Mahomet ne’er trod before!

With crimes be mark’d that inauspicious day,
When o’er our bounds the Tartar forc’d his way. 50
Nor hills nor floods can stop those robbers fell,
Whom views of conquest or of gold impel!
Then vanish’d all the plenty of the plain,
Fear seiz’d the maiden and despair the swain:

Golconda’s

Golconda's gems diffus'd their novel rays, 55
 And guilt was circled with the diamond's blaze.
 Nor 'scap'd our Pagods sacrilegious hands —
 Not Jaggernaut on lone Orixas sands ;
 Not * Tripetti, whose feasts a treasure yield,
 Had faith to guard them, or had Gods to shield ! 60
 The mooned standard scatters terror wide,
 And fortune marshals on th' invader's side :
 Then peace affrighted fled the hostile shore,
 And truth and love and friendship were no more !

But soon th' all-righteous Gods reveng'd our cause, 65
 And Christians sent, to give our tyrants laws ;
 With daring keel o'er ocean's wilds to stray,
 In turn to dispossess them of their prey.
 How oft the strand with Moorish blood was dy'd,
 While rapine's vassals endless streams supply'd ! 70
 Not long the sons of Lusitania hold
 Their conquests, founded on the lust of gold ;

* Tripetti is situated in a northern pass of the Carnatic, and is resorted to from all parts of the East for its annual fair, the duties of which produce an immense revenue. This is the most celebrated mart in India for horses, where many thousands of these noble animals are yearly exposed for sale.

The † Hollander insidious spreads his toils,
 Fawns like a friend, and feizes on the spoils.
 His ill-got sceptre blossoms but to fade, 75
 By fraud secur'd, and with injustice sway'd.
 Wither'd its force — two rivals now appear,
 There the proud Gaul, the gen'rous Briton here !
 With various chance each army charg'd the foe,
 While Asia waited the decisive blow. 80
 Success at length superior valor crown'd,
 And Britain reign'd, and blest the nations round !

Alas ! how devious are a mortal's ways —
 Him honor quits, and avarice betrays.
 Ah ! what avails that Lawrence led his bands 85
 To snatch from ruin our devoted lands !
 On injur'd heirs that Clive, like Ammon's son,
 Bestow'd the kingdoms which his sword had won !

† The manner in which the Dutch extirpated the Portuguese from their settlements in India, is a disgrace to history, and cannot but excite the detestation of every reader. But while their power is annihilated on the Continent, every lover of his country must consider with pleasure the conduct and success of the English in this quarter. Acquired at first by self-defence against the attacks of native and foreign enemies, a commercial company continue to support an extensive and remote empire, as much by the exercise of moderation and justice as by the terror of their arms.

That

That Pigot's councils lent to vict'ry wings,
And fix'd the limits of contending kings ! 90

Vain is the hero's, vain the statesman's toil,
If hard oppression curse the gen'rous foil ;
If local rulers loose the Tartar's hand
To grasp at crowns, and desolate the land !

Too long these eyes have view'd the growing ill, 95
Then welcome, death ! this fruitless plaint to still.

If for their sins so many of our tribe
Have pennance fram'd, no colors can describe ;
If some from Sind to Dehli's far abode
Have measur'd with their lengths the flinty road ; 100

If others' courage wilder feats have dar'd,
Nor bow'd by famine, nor by torture scar'd ;
Him no false pride impels when Ramah falls,
Whom not his own but country's danger calls :
Calls, by a timely sacrifice to move 105

Remorse below, or vengeance from above !
But mark me — death the prophecy shall seal,

Ye base apostates to Britannia's weal ! —

Nought but distress, commotion and disgrace
Attend your favor to the Tartar race. 110

That

That weight remov'd which poiz'd Indostan's scale †,
 Against your Crofs the Crescent shall prevail :
 'Till late you find 'twas not in vain he bled,
 Whose curses lighted on the guilty head."

He spake — and headlong darted from the height, 115
 Swift as the falling meteor cleaves the night.
 The hollow pavement to the fall refounds ;
 The body streams with undistinguish'd wounds :
 The martyr's end the temple's records own,
 And leaves a lesson to the British throne !

120

† The balance of power should be the principal object of every state, and the restoration of the king of Tanjore shews the Company to be attentive thereto. Policy, as well as humanity, enforced this measure ; which, it is to be hoped, will obviate the prophecy of our Bramin, notwithstanding there is reason blended with his fanaticism.

ECLOGUE IV.
THE ESCAPE: OR, THE CAPTIVES.

SCENE: The Suburbs of TUNIS.

TIME: NIGHT.

To JAMES IRWIN, Esq.

TWO youths of noble birth, whose wayward fate
Had doom'd to languish in a captive state ;
Who to Iberia daily sent in vain
Soft sighs and wishes o'er the parting main :
Whose fond remembrance still would backward go, 5
And from the contrast edge the present woe :
To whom e'en Hope but lent a glim'ring ray—
These wake the tear, and ask the closing lay !
And wilt thou, IRWIN ! to the call attend,
Which, more than brother, indicates the friend ? 10
Wilt thou, in lib'ral notions chiefly great,
Suspend the cares that still on * office wait ?

* This gentleman has long held a considerable employment in the service of the East India Company, at Bengal.

And while the Captives' sorrows touch thy breast,
 And gen'rous rage, and painful thought suggest ;
 Like them tho' 'scap'd the chain he whilom drew, 15
 Lament the fortune which a brother knew !

Deep in a corner of the spacious bay
 Where mosque-crown'd Tunis owns a pirate's sway ;
 To fan the air where still the sea-breeze flies,
 The sumptuous palace of the monarch lies. 20
 Here arch'd piazzas rise on ev'ry side,
 With marble pav'd, and sofas rich supply'd.
 Whate'er can minister to filken ease,
 Beauty to soothe, and melody to please ;
 The song, the dance, the bath, the opiate bowl, 25
 Here flow successive, and bewitch the soul.
 Nor less the fragrant gardens charm the sight,
 Shades of repose, and scenes of soft delight :
 Where not a shrub but keeps its vernal prime,
 And not a fount but mollifies the clime. 30
 To rear the flow'r, to dress the bow'r of joy,
 A thousand slaves their daily toil employ :
 And in this sensual Eden's ample round,
 The toil of thousands is unequal found !

Here were our youths their wonted tasks assign'd, 35
 And here in gentler bondage long they pin'd.
 While their late crew feverer treatment bore,
 Chain'd to the toilsome labor of the oar.

But daring thoughts engage each manly breast,
 Plann'd by their chiefs, and whisper'd to the rest. 40
 Bold the attempt which liberty inspires,
 And fond affection for a master fires !

This night is fix'd to seize their anch'ring prey,
 And push o'er ocean their advent'rous way.

Full Luna now her friendly ray display'd, 45
 To bear the lover to his waking maid ;
 The flying captive on his road to light,
 While slumber seals the watchful dragon's fight ;
 When forth the Spaniards to the terrace stole,
 Beneath whose height th' encircling waters roll. 50

A cord they fix, and undismay'd attend,
 Swift to the welcome galley to descend.
 And now their eyes a fairer view explore,
 Where freedom beckons, and their native shore ;
 All to the lover or the husband dear, 55
 Beams on their mind, and speaks the union near !

But

But while on expectation's brink they stand,
 While doubts contract, and hopes their breasts expand,
 Known to the Muse, each conscious youth essays
 To paint his love, and reach his charmer's praise. 60

Perez began. A virgin was his theme,
 Bright as her orb, yet cold as Cynthia's beam!

“ O thou! to whom my youthful vows belong,
 Strength of my sword! and goddess of my song!
 Who oft my chivalry with smiles hast paid, 65
 And deign'd to grace the midnight ferenade:
 Be thou propitious to this teeming hour,
 Which gives a captive to thy boundless pow'r.
 Love, more than Freedom, tempts him o'er the wave,
 To own his tyrant, and resume the slave: 70
 To him all thoughts of liberty were vain,
 Who, scap'd from bondage, seeks a stronger chain!

Let Marcia then her Perez' claim approve,
 His truth persuade her, and his suff'rings move.
 And you, my rivals! who that claim disdain'd, 75
 Scoff'd at my lot, and by my absence reign'd;
 Or in the lists, or in your am'rous suit,
 For love and honour Perez will dispute.

In vain you poize the lance, or breathe the vow—
The fair-one twines the wreath for Perez' brow!" 80

Sebastian then. Him fills a dearer name,
Soft as her light, and chaste as Dian's fame!

" And will to thee Sebastian be restor'd,
With smiles be welcom'd, as with sighs deplor'd!
Will love o'erpay thee with a late embrace, 85

Wife of my choice! and guardian of my race!

See, if the thought dissolve me not to tears,

My manhood shake, and waken all my fears.

No babes, perhaps, may list a fire's return—

The mother's trust transmitted to an urn! 90

Or if so hopeless, so severe my fate,

Those children now may weep their orphan state!

But let Sebastian brighter prospects sway,

Less dark his mind when darker far his day!

Lo! Freedom wings him to the blissful spot, 95

Where hous'd in peace, his chains will be forgot.

Him Leonora waits in matchless charms,

To strain an exile in her widow'd arms;

Of parent! spouse! with each endearing tie

This vacuum in his being to supply!" 100

He

He said ; and saw the object in his reach :
 The friendly galley strikes upon the beach.
 Swift by the cord the Captives downward glide—
 The bark drops silent with the ebbing tide.
 Now, unobserv'd, the lower fort they gain, 105
 Now shoot the narrow outlet to the main.
 To crown their hopes the wind from Tunis blows ;
 They pass the Cape where ancient Carthage rose :
 Onward their course with toil unceasing ply,
 'Till Murcia's mountains faintly tinge the sky. 110
 Touch'd at the sight, they cast their cares behind,
 While all their country rushes on their mind !

F I N I S.

In the Press, and speedily will be published,

A

SERIES OF ADVENTURES,

IN THE COURSE OF A

VOYAGE up the RED-SEA,

On the Coasts of ARABIA and EGYPT;

AND OF A

ROUTE through the Defarts of THEBAIS,

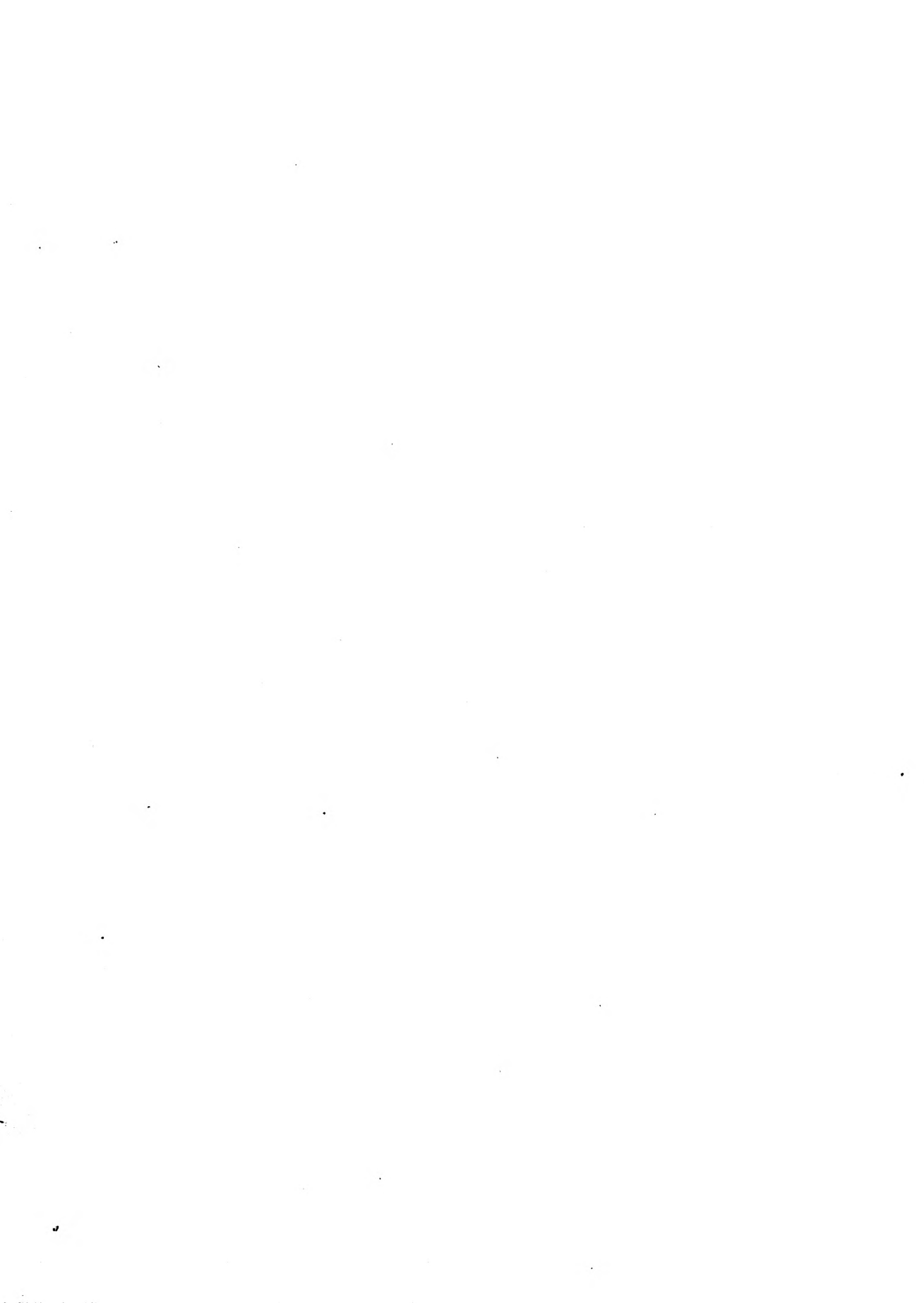
Hitherto unknown to the EUROPEAN Traveller,

IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXVII.

By EYLES IRWIN,

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